TO

The Right Honourable

SIR GEORGE ROOKE, &c.

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Sir George Rooke,

Vice Admiral of England, *&c.*

At His Return from His Glorious Enterprize near *VIGO.* 1702.

———*Deus immenſi venies Maris; & tua Nautæ*
Numina ſola colent: Tibi ſerviet ultima Thule:
Teque ſibi generum Tethys emet omnibus undis.

Virg.

LONDON:

Printed for *Benj. Tooke*, at the *Middle-Temple-Gate*, in *Fleetſtreet.* 1702.

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---------Deus immensi venies Maxime ponti,
Unanima jam colunt: Tibi Jovis ultima Thule:
Te pro te genetrix Tethys, tuæ connubia undæ.
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Sir George Rooke,

AMidſt the loud Applauſe, which fills the ears
Of Heroes and returning Conquerors,
When They from honourable Danger come
Laden with foreign Spoils in Triumph home,
Whilſt the wiſe Senate's THANKS, and Soverain's CHOICE
Add weight to Fame, and crown the public Voice,
Can You, SIR, hear, or hearing not refuſe
The ſtiller praiſes of an humble Muſe;
Early for You her willing Lyre ſhe ſtrung,
And pays the grateful tribute of her Song:
Not with fond hopes to add to that Renown,
And perfect Glory, which Your Arms have won:

Virtue, like ſolid Gold, ſecurely ſhines,
Nor needs the gawdy Varniſh of our lines.
How vain's the Poet's art! They but receive
The boaſted honour they pretend to give;
And while the Hero's praiſes wou'd reherſe,
With His great Name immortalize their Verſe.
The *Ivy*, which we bring t' adorn Your Brows,
Twines round Your *Laurels*, and ſupported Grows.

Since but ſo ſmall a time's allow'd by Fate,
And brighteſt Virtues have the ſhorteſt Date,
They, that wou'd purchaſe an immortal Name,
Muſt enter early in the liſts of Fame.
Soon You began, and o'er thoſe Paths that lead
To Fame and Honour did the nobleſt tread:
Purſu'd, what ſuited beſt Your Godlike mind,
The way of doing Good the leaſt confin'd:
Choſe the whole World to make Thy Virtues known,
And raiſe Thy Country's glory and Thy own.
In diſtant Lands Her Pow'r Thou do'ſt maintain,
And Stretch her Conqueſts o'er the ſubject Main;
Mak'ſt Her rever'd where e'er the Ocean flows,
Thoſe only Limits that Her Empire knows.

Is there a Nation, whose Records can boast
More Towns and Battels gain'd, or fewer loſt?
In open Field our Troops have boldly ſtood,
And bought their Country's Honour with their Blood.
The Continent has ſhook at our Alarms,
Nor *France* alone has felt the *Britiſh* Arms.
Peace to thoſe Heroes Shades; and let none dare
From off their ſacred Head the *Laurels* tear,
Which They ſo bravely won, ſo juſtly wear.
Yet ſtill, what Good from this expenſive Train
Of pompous Conqueſts did *Britannia* gain?
To purchaſe them Sh' exhauſted all her Store,
Pay'd th' full Price of Titles that She bore,
And dreſt in gawdy Spoils was proudly poor.
Weaken'd by Victories, She found too late
'Twas all but Pageantry and uſeleſs State:
That Nature had markt out another way
To Fame, which thro' the road of Profit lay:
Had 'midſt incircling Waves Her Iſland plac't,
And in the Deep her firm Foundations caſt;
Secure within Her ſelf, whilſt Walls of Wood
And floating Caſtles fortify'd the Flood;

Which from remoteſt Worlds, each ſwelling Tide,
With Spoils of War and Peace her Stores ſupply'd,
At once Her Safety, Ornament, and Pride.
While on the Seas our Soverain's Fleets appear
Under Thy Conduct, and Her Guardian Care,
And *France* at home dreads the impending War;
The Forts and Caſtles to defend their Coaſts
Are but the Priſons of their numerous Hoſts:
And the great Monarch, ſo much fear'd of late,
A mighty Captive, and confin'd in State.
The famous Rivers, which ſo oft have been
Of Arms and War the celebrated Scene,
Swell'd with their Conqueſts when they haſt'ned by,
Their tributary Waters to the Sea,
Shall own the Triumphs, which they meet with there,
Vaſt as the Ocean to their Fountains are;
Proud to become a Part of Thy Command,
To bear Thy Trophies, and obey Thy Hand.

La Hogue. Let *Bretagne*'s Coaſts, and Her *La Hogue* proclaim,
Loud as Thy Thunder, Thy victorious Name,
Bright as the Rays of Lightning, which deſtroy'd
Flung from Thy flaming hand Their Naval pride;

When

When on the * *Eagle's* outſtretcht wings, like *Jove*
With Bolts and Fire deſcending from above,
The *French Salmonets* rage Thou didſt reſtrain,
And ſhew'd the real Thund'rer of the Main:
The Sea confeſt Thy pow'r, She open'd wide
Her boſome, and in Flames the God enjoy'd.

* *The Ship he went into when he burnt the* French *Men of War.*

Theſe proofs of Worth Thy well-try'd Valour gave: *Smyrna Fleet.*
Yet ſtill tis eaſier to deſtroy than ſave.
Both of thoſe Attributes unite in You,
Born to protect Your Friends, Your Foes ſubdue.
And *Smyrna's* Fleet has taught us, You can wield
With equal force and skill the Sword or Shield.

Where e'er Thou com'ſt, Diſcord and Fury ceaſe, *Expedition into the* Baltic.
And War retreats before triumphant Peace:
To jarring Crowns repoſe Thy Navy brings,
And Quiet broods beneath Her *Halcyon* Wings.
Thoſe gathering Clouds, which not long ſince broke forth
In Storms, and threatn'd to lay waſte the *North*,
Thou at Thy firſt approach didſt drive away,
And on their Wintry climes let in the *Southern* day.
So when to ſave the *Trojans*, *Neptune* rear'd
His Trident from the Deep, and on the Main appear'd,

The Winds obſequious hulht their loud uprore;
And trembling Waves lay ſilent on the Shore.
Wondrous great Man! in whoſe capacious mind
So many diſtant Virtues are combin'd;
Where Truth and Policy together grow:
Wiſdom directs, and Valour ſtrikes the blow:
Whom ev'ry part of well-play'd Life commends;
The Stateſman, General, and the beſt of Friends.
When e'er Thou ſpeak'ſt, We feel Thy manly Sence
In Streams of unaffected Eloquence.
Whoſe depth and weight no oppoſition ſtays,
Nor empty Noiſe a ſhallow ford betrays:
This to the *Senate* did their SPEAKER give,
To *Us* the bleſſings which we thence derive:
When neither Smiles cou'd tempt, nor Threatnings force
Thy ſteddy Virtue from its ſettled courſe;
Reſolv'd Thy Country's labouring Bark to guide
In troubled Seas, and ſtem Sedition's tide.
For this, the Hero ſtoopt from his Command
To meet the fury of a youthful hand:
Bravely reſigns the General's pow'r and right,
And trys with equal Arms an unequal Fight.
Accuſtom'd Victory knew her Chief, the Field's
Thy own; and *Dares* to *Entellus* yield's.

Thus

Thus tho' the Heav'n's great Ruler quits his Throne,
And lays his Lightning and his Thunder down,
With all the marks of Pow'r He wears above,
To take ſome Mortal ſhape; yet ſtill 'tis *Jove*.
'Twas Godlike ſure, when You divinely brave
Shew'd pow'r to Ruin, and a will to Save:
And if *ſome Spirits* cou'd to Mercy bend;
Thou hadſt ſubdu'd a Foe, and gain'd a Friend.

But Lo! a bright and nobler Scene appears
Of golden Times, and new-revolving Years.
Albion from bondage freed and foreign chains
Triumphs agen: Her own *Aſtræa* reigns.
Agen to *Iſrael* is the Sceptre come;
Rebuilt the Temple; and the Ark brought home.
Like the *Eliſian* fields of Joy and Reſt,
* With her own Sun and Stars our Iſle is bleſt.
Chear'd by Their gentle rays, in peace We live,
And ſee the blooming Arts and Virtues thrive.
Like Comets, Foreign Kings, when they appear,
Trail a long blaze of unfruitfull War.
In vain We ſuffer; for naught can influence

* *Solemq; ſuum, ſua ſidera norunt.* Virg.

An

An *Engliſh* Courage but an *Engliſh* Prince.
Oft for the End have the beſt Means been curſt,
And Second Cauſes thwarted by the Firſt.
When Heav'n approves the choice, She's *pleas'd* to bleſs,
And faſter gives than We can ask ſucceſs.
England ſo fam'd for Valour, durſt aſpire
Cales. To take a Town; but rais'd her thoughts no high'r:
Chear'd with the Sun, her molting pinnions trys
In air, and at the little Quarry flys.
Timely auſpicious Heav'n prevents her aim,
Checks the purſuit, and ſprings a nobler Game.
Shews Her, on wing retiring from the Main,
The Spaniſh Galleons. The Wealth of *India*, and the Pride of *Peru*.
This Prize was worthy Thee; and leſs had been
Too mean a Preſent for an *Engliſh* Queen.
Ambition's now no crime: When *Moſes* Rod
Leads forth our Armies, and controul's the Flood,
He Heav'n diſtruſts, that entertains a fear,
And 'tis Rebellion almoſt not to Dare.
United *Spain* and *France* in ſafety ſpread,
And *Indian* Wealth the thriving Body fed:
The little Wounds We gave, We gave in vain,

An

The ſmart ſoon ceas'd, and they ſoon clos'd again.
When wiſely You the long protracted Strife
To end, invade at once the Springs of Life:
Attackt the Monarch in his ſtrongeſt Hold,
And wreſted from his hand the fatal Gold.
Thoſe Arms, with which his Empire He ſupports,
The bribes of Princes, and the pay of Courts,
To nobler uſes by our Queen confin'd,
Shall reſcue *Europe*, and redeem Mankind.
The World is ours, whilſt You command the Sea;
And great *Columbus* conquer'd but for Thee:
Nations by him ſubdu'd are his leſſer Charge,
And in the *Britiſh* Seas the *Indies* float.

Oh! with bleſt Hopes might We our ſelves deceive,
And Thee Immortal as Thy Fame believe;
How blindly Happy, and how fondly Vain,
Should We the flatt'ring Viſion entertain!
Alas! We muſt not on thoſe hopes rely,
Too ſadly taught that *Part* of Thee can die.
Pardon, great Man, if I untimely come
With awful reverence from *Her* ſilent Tomb;

Thy Joy amidſt thy Triumphs to invade,
And o'er thy *Laurels* ſpread the *Cypreſs* ſhade;
If thro miſtaken zeal I looſe the tide
Of Grief agen, and touch thy bleeding ſide.
Tears for loſt Friends with mournful pleaſure flow,
And there's a melancholly charm in Woe.
The gentle Muſe ſhall all her ſacred pow'rs
Employ, to ſoften Thy unkeaſie Hours;
In tuneful Strains, and healing Lays, relief
Afford, and ſooth Deſpair with tender Grief.
To *Her* what Tribute ſhall our Eyes to pay,
Whoſe Beauty chear'd their Beams, and bleſt their day!
Alas! *that* Beauty's ſet; the Night appears
In miſts of Sorrow, and in dew of Tears,
And Earth the Sable weeds of Darkneſs wears.
The faireſt Draught, that Nature e'er deſign'd,
Or Fancy form'd in the young Lover's mind,
All that could Awe command, or Joy inſpire,
What Women envy, and what Men admire,
Torn from Thy arms, and by Diſeaſe defac'd,
Is in the common Grave of Matter caſt.
Nor can thoſe Sighs, nor can that falling Show'r

Of Thy warm tears revive the Lovely flow'r.
Oh! would relenting Fate for This reſtore
The Nymph, as bright, as charming as before;
In Sighs We'd waſt our breath, in Floods our eyes,
And *Venus* from the Sea agen ſhould riſe.

But why do We lament the Fair that lives,
The Fair, that in her Son Her ſelf ſurvives?
Behold the *Phœnix* dead agen return,
The infant Shoot ſprings from its Mother's Urn!
May *He* beneath the influence of Thy Day
The early bloſſoms of his Youth diſplay;
And when to ripen'd Manhood He is grown,
Rival His mighty Father in Renown.

F I N I S.

FINIS